

POETRY.

(Written for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.)
SWEET BYE AND BYE.

There's an island across the deep and watery way,
And by low prices we can see its influence afar.
For Shyluck contracts the currency every day,
To establish a monarchy here, as it is over there.

CHORUS:
In the sweet bye and bye.
The International Monetary Conference shall restore
Bimetallism on that European shore.
In the sweet bye and bye it shall restore
Bimetallism on that European shore.

The goldbug shall speak on this American shore,
The fallacious arguments of Rothschilds,
Shermans and the rest,
But their spirits shall be sorrowful to the core,
When the day of retribution comes from the South and the West.

To the Wall street banker whom they love,
They will render political obedience and their tribute of praise,
For the precious gift of a campaign fund,
And the blessings of a gold standard which makes a debt hard to pay in these days.

WALTER GARDNER.

HOUSEHOLD.

SEED CAKE.

One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of caraway seed, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Sprinkle the board with sugar, roll out the dough very thin, and cut it in rounds. Bake about fifteen minutes.

MUFFINS

Beat together one cup of butter and one cup of sugar. Add three well-beaten eggs and one pint of milk, stirring well. Then add one quart of wheat flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one cup of yellow Indian meal. Bake in muffin rings in hot oven.

SPANISH FRUIT PUDDING.

Line a baking dish with a light puff paste, add a layer of shredded pineapple, and cover with sugar, add a layer of sliced oranges, and then a layer of bananas sliced, sprinkle with sugar. Repeat the process till the dish is full. Cover with a light puff paste and bake.

MINT SAUCE.

Four dessertspoonfuls of chopped mint, two of granulated sugar and quarter of a pint of vinegar. Wash the mint, which should be young, freshly gathered and free from grit. Pick the leaves from the stalk, mince them very fine, and put them into the gravy boat. Add the sugar and vinegar, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. This sauce should be prepared several hours before serving.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING.

Thoroughly beat five eggs, put into them five or six tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two even teaspoonfuls of made mustard, one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, half a saltspoonful of red pepper, two tablespoonfuls of oil and a pint of cream. Cook in double boiler till it thickens like soft custard. Stir well. This will keep in a cool place two weeks, and is excellent for lettuce, celery, asparagus and cauliflower.

SCALLOPED EGGS.

An appetizing way to serve eggs for breakfast is to scallop them according to the following directions: Boil them hard, chop them not too fine. Line a pudding dish with a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of cold boiled ham, or bits of fried ham chopped fine, then a layer of eggs, and so on till the dish is full. Season the layers with salt, pepper and little bits of butter. Moisten with a little cream and set into the oven for ten minutes, or until thoroughly heated.

LIKE A YOUNG WOMAN.

"My dear child," Miss Susan B. Anthony replied, when asked the secret of her wonderful vitality, "I attribute the secret of my good health to the fact that I never abused it. I have always made it a rule of my life to be regular in my habits. I have a time for everything. I live on simple muscle and brain-giving food. I have not broken down in my campaign life because I never would indulge in dissipation or late suppers after a lecture. I do not eat a hearty dinner before speaking in public; on the contrary, I eat very lightly. After my lecture I do not accept invitations to swell suppers. I go straight to my rooms, take a bath and drink a cup of hot milk and eat a cracker. I think if I lived down in New Orleans I would merely eat an orange and a cracker before retiring after a heavy evening's work.

"Another thing, human nature demands a certain amount of sleep. Women need at least nine hours' sleep out of the 24. If you go to bed and wake up in the morning without feeling refreshed, then the human machinery is out of gear, and the equilibrium must be restored or nervous prostration or a general breakdown is the result. This is inevitable. Nature won't be cheated. Women try to do too much. The overdrawn drafts on nature must be paid. When there is tearing down there must be rebuilding at the same time or the structure falls. This up building in the human wear and tear is accomplished by food and sufficient amount of rest, recreation and sleep. This has been my rule of life. Any woman may build up a strong, healthy constitution by following it."

IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

BY T. T. F. ORDWAY.

"The horse is mine, and you nor any other man shan't ride him without I say so!"

"And I say the horse is mine and I'll ride him without asking your leave, or anybody else's."

The two men faced each other with lowering brows and defiant looks, when a small quiet looking man limped forward and interposed.

"Come, now, drop this foolishness! If I hear another word about that mustang I'll shoot him, and end the fuss. I'm captain of this outfit, and as long as I am there's got to be peace in the family!"

There was a ring of authority in his voice, and a flash in his blue eyes that showed him to be a natural commander, and one not to be trifled with. The two angry men stood sullenly silent, while he went on more genially:

"Come, shake hands and call it a draw; at any rate till we get out of here. I can't have the two best men in the outfit quarrelling! You can't either of you ride the horse now, anyway, and from the way things look it is a mighty slim chance whether you ever will. If you're spoiling for a fight those redskins out yonder will accommodate you, at the drop of a hat! Come, drop it, I say, and shake hands like men!"

But the two belligerents looked scowlingly at each other and then at Clay. His influence was too great to permit of a continuance of the quarrel in his presence, but instead of shaking hands they turned and strode sulkily away.

They had trapped, hunted, starved, reveled, dug gold and fought Indians together for years. Each had more than once risked his life for the other, in the same matter of fact way in which he would have handed him his pouch of tobacco.

When Sam Finch had been stricken by small-pox in a Crow village, and all the Indians who were not yet attacked had fled in terrified haste, Tom Collins had stayed, and for six long weeks waged his solitary fight with death—his only companion the snarling coyotes and the heavy winged buzzards, his only rest the few brief moments he could snatch when the raging delirium of his patient was over come by bodily exhaustion; till at last the sick man crept feebly back to life, and could be taken by his devoted nurse to where more efficient, though not tenderer, care and help could be given.

And now these two were as bitter in feud as they had been close in friendship. The question at issue was the ownership of a grand black stallion that had been lassoed while leading his wild herd on the plains between the Mogollones and the Colorado Chiquita. His neck had first been encircled by Collins' lasso, but the tough hide of the lariat had been gnawed by a coyote, so that it broke when the wild horse plunged. Before he could thunder away, the lasso of Finch held him.

"My horse!" said Finch.

"I stopped him," said Collins.

"He'd have got away without me, for your lasso broke," cried Finch; and so the quarrel began. At first they spoke laughingly, then angrily, till things were said on both sides that neither man thought he could ever forgive. Meantime the black, which had been broken to saddle in one day's rough riding, was used by none of the prospecting party.

As the disputants strode away Clay muttered to himself:

"Queer what fools men will make of themselves! The idea of those two men quarreling about a horse when the chances are a thousand to one that their scalps will both be fluttering at the end of Apache lances within 24 hours!"

The sun was about an hour high and the wide, level mesa glowed and quivered in the heat. North, south, east, west, wherever Clay looked, he saw the cordon of Apaches. Some sat on their ponies like grim statues, some were stretched on the ground asleep, some galloped down the little canon for water, but all waited quietly for the time when their grim allies, heat, thirst and exhaustion, should deliver the prospectors into their hands.

These were a party of twelve strong men who had started from Taos three weeks earlier under the guidance of John Burt, who came in from no one knew where, sorely wounded, and protesting that he had rediscovered the famous, long lost Canon de Oro of the "Valley of Death" in Arizona. He brought with him a nugget of gold as large as a baby's hand to bear out his story; he told how he had barely eluded the Apaches, after they had killed all his friends; he swore that the Canon de Oro literally shone with gold; and the upshot was this prospecting expedition under the leadership of Clay.

Two days before this Juh's band of Apaches, out on the warpath, had attacked Clay's party with an over-

whelming force. Burt and three others had fallen at the first fire, and the rest, fighting desperately, had at last succeeded in taking refuge on a mound about a hundred feet long by fifty feet wide, rising some ten feet from the plain.

Irregular lines of stone wall, jutting from the ground, and hollow pits, where the roofs of the lower chambers had fallen in showed it to be the ruin of one of the "pueblos," once so common all through that country. It furnished a position impregnable to the dashes of the undisciplined Indians, who had at last settled down to starve the defenders out. The whites had food enough for several days, but no water. This the Indians could procure from a little branch of the Colorado Chiquita, which ran about five miles away, but the besieged had no such recourse.

One of their number, Aleck Pike, wounded in the first day's fight, was already delirious from his wounds and from thirst, and the rest were suffering greatly; for the two days siege and loss of rest joined to the burning sun, which aggravated their thirst, was telling fearfully upon them.

"Sweet prospect, this, for a man with a wife and two kids waiting for him in Taos!" said Clay to himself. "Well, Sallie, you're a plainsman's daughter, and you know what kind of a life mine was before you married me—and I wish you'd been home so that I could have kissed you good bye before I started. But I've been in worse places than this before now and saved my scalp, and please God, I may see you and the kids yet before the redskins get me."

He limped over to where the men were standing and said aloud:

"Well, boys; something's got to be done. These fellows out there seem to have taken root. We can hold out a couple of days longer, maybe, but after that we'll be past praying for. We've got to do something, and do it quick. Anybody got anything to propose?"

"Only thing I see," said one of the men, "is to make a dash and cut our way through, if we can."

"Yes, if we can, but we can't. Those fellows out there are too many for us."

"Well, anyhow, I'd rather go under with a bullet through me than stay here and die, like a trapped ki yote!" "So'd I, but there's Aleck," pointing to the sick man; "we can't take him with us and it won't do to leave him behind."

"No use of the rest of us staying here to die, when it won't do him any good."

"That may be, but we promised to stick together, and I'm going to do my part of it."

"Cap," spoke up Collins, "how far are we from Fort Merritt?"

"About sixty miles."

"And what way?"

"Due north, as far as I can make it. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking mebbe one of us might slip through the redskins yonder, and get to the fort and let the troops know how we're fixed. Cap'n Kirby wouldn't ask anything better than a chance for a slap at old Juh."

"Hum! yes; but I don't think any one could get through."

"There's no telling where lightning might strike; and a fellow might as well die there as here."

Clay hesitated. "What do you say, men?" he asked presently.

"There ain't no show to get through," said one.

"We might as well try it. We can't do worse," another protested.

"We'd better stick together—we're snowed under, anyhow," still another said.

"Well," said Clay, "if it's our only chance, will any one here try?"

"I will," said Collins and Finch, in the same breath, both springing to their feet.

"I spoke first," growled Collins.

"I'm the lightest weight, Cap," said Finch, eagerly.

"S-h!" said Clay, gravely, "let's see. The moon will be down by 9 o'clock, and that black stallion ought to carry a man to the fort by sun-up. Kirby'll not wait a minute when he hears what's up, and the troops ought to get here by the middle of to-morrow night, anyhow. We can hold out till then, I think. It's our only chance; guess you'd better try it."

"Which one of us?" asked Finch.

"Collins, I reckon; he spoke first."

"Just my luck!" growled Finch, angrily, as he turned away, while Collins smiled triumphantly.

One would have thought, from the aspect of the two men, that the prize, won or lost, had been some great satisfaction, instead of merely the chance of saving the lives of others, at the risk of his own.

In one of the hollows of the mound, screened from the sight of the Indians, Collins began, an hour before the moon went down, his preparations for his ride. As each ounce of weight would tell in the struggle for life which lay

before him, everything not absolutely essential was discarded. A lariat, looped around the horse's lower jaw, and a saddle blanket strapped tightly on the back formed the steed's outfit. Pantaloon, light moccasins, and a handkerchief around the head to keep his long hair from blowing into his eyes, made up the rider's toilet.

If I get to the fort I can get a jacket and hat from the soldiers; if I can't get there, there'll be less for old Juh to tote," were Collins' reflections.

Into his pocket he slipped a Derringer, saying, I don't take any chances on being taken alive."

Strips of blankets were tied deftly around the horse's feet, that no chinks of hoofs on stone might warn the keen-eyed besiegers of his passage; and when the moon was fairly set, Collins led his stallion down the slope of the mound, vaulted upon his back, and saying quietly to Clay: "If the troops ain't here by an hour after moonset, to-morrow night, you may know I am gone under," and stole slowly away in the darkness."

Those left behind waited, listening, with anxious hearts, to hear the tumult which would announce that their messenger's flight had been discovered.

Five minutes passed—ten minutes—twenty minutes; Clay had just drawn a long sigh of relief, and was turning away with the remark, "I reckon he's safe by this time," a flash caught his eye out on the plain. Another and another succeeded; and the report of rifles came to their ears.

"They've seen him! They're after him!" exclaimed Finch; but vainly did the beleaguered watchers listen and strain their eyes for further indications as to the fate of their courier.

Would he outstrip his pursuers? Had he escaped, or was he already dead, or a pinioned prisoner, helpless to aid them? These were questions which no one on the mound could answer.

The night dragged by and another day of thirst and suffering dawned. A feeble groan from Pike, the wounded man, drew Finch's attention. He walked back to where poor Aleck lay, and awkwardly, but tenderly, adjusted his head in a easier position. As he stood looking down upon him, he thought of another sick man who once lay delirious in a Crow lodge, and loathsome from head to foot with festering disease.

He remembered, too, who it was that had nursed that sick man through that time of horror, who had stayed by him and watched over him as tenderly as a mother over her child, even when the stoical Indians had fled appalled—who, when the grip of death was broken, had painfully carried him for weary mile upon mile till help was reached; and then, laying down his helpless burden at the post surgeon's feet, had fallen, senseless, in the middle of the parade ground.

"And I have quarreled with this man—this brother—about a horse!" thought Finch. "Bah! All the horses from the Rio Grande to the Columbia weren't worth one hair on Tom Collins' head! Oh! what a fool—what a fool I've been! Can I ever make it up to Tom for the wrong I've done him?"

The day, with ever increasing misery, wore away. With mouths too parched to talk, the men lay watching at their posts. Aleck had died at noon. Save now and then a plaintive neigh from the thirsty horses, or a distant whoop of derision from the expectant Apaches, scarcely a sound broke the wretched monotony on the mound.

Clay sat and watched the sun sink behind the distant range. "I nor none of us, will ever see another sunset," he murmured to himself, "unless Tom got through and perhaps not even then."

Gradually the darkness descended and night gathered about them; but still, grimly at their places, the frontiersmen lay, well nigh hopeless now, but none the less determined to die fighting to the bitter end.

But what clear, sweet sound was that which suddenly broke on the dull, oppressive stillness of the dry night air! It was—and what a shout rose from those parched throats!—it was a bugle call. Hark! I sounded:

"Open order, fours!"

"Draw saber!"

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

Then came flash on flash, and loud hurrahs, blending with wild, fierce yells and the rumble of charging calvary. Soon a dark form of a horseman detached itself from the surrounding obscurity and dashed up to the foot of the mound. An anxious voice called out: "Hello! All safe!"

"All safe, thank God!" said Clay, reverently.

"Show a light, then!" In a moment a fire of dry sagebrush shot up, and the light glistened on the bronzed faces and the panting horses of Kirby's troop of dragoons. But in the middle of the group, on a black charger, reeled a swaying figure, supported by a trooper on each side. On his bare breast was a crimson streak.

Rushing down the slope of the mound, Finch reached his side.

"Tom, are you hurt?"

"Killed, I reckon, pard!" he said, faintly, "the redskins have got me this time. Ease me down."

They lifted him down tenderly from the horse, and laid him on a blanket on the ground.

"Sam," he whispered.

"Yes, old pard; what is it?" Finch's arm went tenderly under the dying man's head.

"Sam—the mustang's—yours. Don't—hold it—again me—that I said—I'd ride him. How dark it is. Say—say—good—"

The handclasp loosened, the head fell back, and the quarrel between Sam Finch and Tom Collins, as to who owned the mustang, was over forever.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Mountains are climbed in central Africa by the aid of a long loop of calico called a "Machila." The climber leans back at one end, while six or eight strong men pull at the other.

Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, is said to believe that the time is approaching when posterity will be able to construct machinery that will be operated with he at obtained by the direct action of the sun's rays.

"The unprecedented death rate in England, largely due to influenza, and especially severe upon old people," says the *Medical News*, "has, of late in London, reached so high a figure as 38.5, and in Liverpool, the frightful rate of 55.5 has been recorded."

The waters of North America, which means the Gulf of Mexico, the two great oceans and the rivers, creeks and lakes, are stocked with 1800 different varieties of fish. Of the above number five hundred are peculiar to the sea and about six hundred to the rivers, creeks and lakes.

Dr. A. E. Bridger expresses the opinion in the *British Medical Journal* that in the act of kissing we encounter only beneficial organisms. He says that "The advantages of kissing outweigh its infinitesimal risk, for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion." This will be a popular verdict.

SALEM COMMENCEMENT.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.
WINSTON, N. C., May 31, '95.

The 33rd year of the well known Salem Female Academy has just closed with a brilliant commencement. From the opening concert to the closing exercises on commencement day a spirit of harmony ran through the exercises, which appealed to the hearts of the numerous visitors who thronged the auditorium. The Salem commencements are looked on in the light of musical festivals, and visitors come from far and near to hear the talent that is displayed before them.

Events of more than local interest lent charms to the programme. The presentation of the Vance Memorial Window, that graceful tribute of the class of '94 to the illustrious statesman and the expressed intention of Mrs. Vance to be present at these exercises was a subject of interest to the State at large.

This famous school has this year enrolled upward of 500 pupils in its catalogue, 400 in the regular academic department and about one hundred in special branches. The pupils and alumnae delight to do honor to their alma mater and the class of '95 will place a handsome organ in the chapel as a memorial, while the alumnae at large are discussing the erection of a Stonewall Jackson memorial.

The commencement opened with a delightful concert on May 25th. The elements seemed to be conspiring against its success, but the hall was thronged nevertheless, its seating capacity being entirely too limited. Each number was perfectly rendered, and the vocal elocution departments may well be proud of their pupils.

Sunday morning the Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheesire, D. D., of the Episcopal Church of North Carolina, delivered a most learned and ornate sermon; the music was unusually good, and the great organ pealed forth a glad welcome to the many guests. Sunday evening Bishop Edward Rondthaler, D. D., pastor, tenderly bade the many pupils and their friends "God speed."

Monday and Tuesday evenings the Seniors were in charge. In their classical Oxford caps and gowns they indeed presented a charming sight, and the masterly way in which the essays were handled evinced careful literary training. The 53 graduates appeared in groups of 5, each treating some given subject, such as "World's Heroes," "Is Woman's Position Changing?" etc. This arrangement was somewhat novel, but proved most interesting.

Tuesday afternoon the art exhibit attracted much attention. The academy my chapel was decorated with the art productions of the pupils, and another interesting feature was the Loan Ex-

hibit, with a glimpse of Old Salem, prepared by the alumnae.

Wednesday was alumnae day, and a truly interesting one. In the morning class reunions were held, replete with tender memories; in the afternoon the Alumnae Association held their annual conference, rendered unusually interesting by the presentation of the Vance Memorial Window by the Hon. J. C. Buxton, of Winston. His speech was worthy of the occasion and the speaker.

Thursday was commencement day. The graduates in the academic and special departments occupied prominent places on the rostrum. The address of the day was delivered by James M. Beck, Esq., of Philadelphia, one of Pennsylvania's eloquent orators, and the brilliant effort will long be remembered. Bishop Rondthaler awarded the diplomas with appropriate words, and Rev. J. H. Clewell, the principal, gave a brief closing address. The class song was rendered with the benediction. The commencement of '95 passed into history.

R. E. CARMICHAEL.

JUSTICES

OF
T
H
E

Peace

Will need the NORTH CAROLINA MANUAL OF LAW AND FORMS. The latest, the best Form Book in existence for this State. Price, by mail, \$2.00.

TALKS ABOUT LAW, by Judge R. W. Winston. Price, by mail, 60 cents.

Address,
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON,
Printers and Binders,
Raleigh, N. C.

Patents Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide. (1895)

1895--SUMMER--1895
Millinery.

Summer Millinery for Ladies, Misses

and Children, in trimmed and un-

trimmed HATS at reasonable prices.

Hats of all kinds, Zephyrs and Fancy

Articles.

Goods sent on approval. Express

paid one way.

MISS MAGGIE REESE,

Raleigh, N. C.

(1894)